Most of his fellow passengers appeared to be bleast to be mistaken. They were Jews, and morrotal, to a man. And by this time the had lighted their cigars and put on all manner of senfaring caps, some of them with big ear lappets, which somehow had the effect of beinging out their peculiar facial type. At last the new voyagers began to emerge from below and to look about them, vaguely, with that sus-pisious expression of face which is to be per-ceived in the newly embarked, and which, as directed to the receding land, resembles that of a person who begins to persoive that he is the victim of a trick. Earth and ocean, in such giances, are made the subject of a general obon, and many travellers, in these circum stances, have an air at once duped and superior which seems to say that they could easily go sahore if they would. It still wanted two hours of dinner, and by the time Vogelstein's long legs had measured three or four miles on the sock, he was ready to settle himself in bis set chair and draw from his pocket a Tauchnitz novel by an American author whose pages, he had been assured, would help to prepare him. On the back of his chair his name was painted is rather large letters, this being a precaution taken at the recommendation of a friend who had told him that on the American steamer the passengers—especially the ladies—thought nothing of pillering one's little comforts. His friend had even said that in his place he would have his coronet painted. This cynical adviser had added that the Americans are greatly imed by a coronet. I know not whether it pressed by a coronet. I know not whether it was skepticism or modesty, but Count Vogelstein had omitted this ensign of his rank; the precious piece of furniture which, on the Atlantic voyage, is depended upon to remain steady among general concussions, was emhappened, however, that the blazonry was enormous German characters. This time there can be no doubt. It was modesty that caused the secretary of legation, in placing himself. to turn this portion of his seat outward, away from the eyes of his companions—to present it to the balustrade of the deck. The ship was s the Needles-the beautiful outermost point of the Isie of Wight. Certain tall white of rock rose out of the purple sea; the fushed in the afternoon light, and their vague rosiness gave them a kind of human ex pression, in face of the cold expanse toward which the ship was turned; they seemed to from his place, and after a while he turned his other quarter, where the sky and sea between them managed to make so poor an nore amusing than that, and he prepared to return to this author. In the great curve which it described, however, his glance was arrested by the figure of a young lady who had just ascended to the deck, and who paused at the mouth of the companionway. In itself this was not an extraordinar phenomenon; but what attracted Vogelstein's attention was the fact that the young perso appeared to have fixed her eyes on him. She was alim, brightly dressed, and rather pretty. Vogelstein remembered in a moment that he at Southampton. She very soon saw that he was looking at her; whereupon she began to move along the deck with a step which seemed to indicate that she was coming straight toward him. Vogelstein had time to wonder whether ild be one of the girls he had known at Dresden: but he presently reflected that they would now be much older than this. It was true they came straight toward one, like that, This young lady, however, was no longer looking at him, and though she passed near him, it was now tolerably clear that she had come up stairs simply to take a general survey. She was a quick, handsome, competent girl, and she wished to see what one could think of the ship-of the weather-of the appearance of England from such a position as that; possibly even of one's fellow passengers. She satisfied herself promptly on these points, and then she ooked about, while she walked, as if she were in search of a missing object; so that Vogel stein presently saw this was what she really had come up for. She passed near him again, and this time she almost stopped, with her eves conduct remarkable, even after he had perceived that it was not at his face. with its vellow moustache, she was looking, but at the chair on which he was seated. Then those words of his friend came back to the ladies—on the American steamers taking to themselves one's little belongings. Especially the ladies, he might well say; for here was one who apparently wished to pull from under him the very chair he was sitting on. He was afraid she would ask him for it, so he pretended to read, without meeting her eye. He was consolous that she hovered near him, and he was purious to see what she would do. It seemed to him strange that such a nice-looking girl should endeavor by arts so flagrant to attract the attention of a secretary of legation. At last it became evident to him that she was trying to look round a corner, as it were, trying to wants to find out my name; she wants to

see what was written on the back of his chair. see who I am?" This reflection passed through his mind, and caused him to raise his eyes. They rested on her own, which for an appreciable moment she did not withdraw. The latter were brilliant and expressive, and surmounted a delicate aquiline nose, which, though pretty, was perhaps just a trifle too hawk-like. the oddest coincidence in the world; the story Vogelstein had taken up treated of a flighty, forward little American girl, who plants her self in front of a young man in the garden of a hotel. Was not the conduct of this young lady a testimony to the truthfulness of the tale, and was not tein himself in the position of the young man in the garden? That young man ended by speaking to his invador (as she might be called), and after a very short hesitation Yogelstein followed his example. "If she wants to know who I am, she is welcome," he said to by the back, and, turning it round, exhibited slightly, but she smiled and read his name. while Vogelstein raised his hat. "I am much obliged to you. That's all," she

remarked, as if the discovery had made her It seemed to him indeed all right that he

should be Count Otto Vogelstein; this appeared even a rather flippant mode of disposing of the fast. By way of rejoinder, he asked her if she desired his sent.

'I am much obliged to you; of course not. I thought you had one of our chairs, and I didn't like to ask you. It looks exactly like one of Please sit down again. I don't want to trouble looking for it everywhere. They look so much alike; you can't tell till you see the back. Of course I see there will be no mistake about smile. "But we have got such a small nameyou can scarcely see it," she added, with the same frie dly intention. "Our name is Day If you see that on anything, I should be so obliged if you would tell me. It isn't for myself. it's for my mother; she is so dependent on her chair, and that one I am looking for pulls out so beautifully. Now that you sit down again and hide the lower part, it does look just like our. Well, it must be somewhere. You must

execte me; I am much obliged to you." This was a long and even confidential speech for a young woman, presumably unmarried, to make to a perfect stranger; but Miss Day ac quitted herself of it with perfect simplicity and self-possession. She held up her head and ed away, and Vogelstein could see that the foot she pressed upon the clean, smooth deck was slender and shapely. He watched her deck was stender and shapely. He watched her resource of her parents, who, as has been re-disappear through the trap by which she had lated, never budged out of the coner corner in

scended, and he felt more than ever like the young man in his American tale. The gist in the present case was older and not se presty, as he could easily judge, for the image of her as he could easily judge, for the image of her smiling eyes and speaking lips still hovered before him. He went beek to his book with the feeling that it would give him some informa-tion about her. This was rather illogical, but it indicated a certain amount of curiosity on the part of Count Vogelstein. The girl in the this young lady; the former had also a brother and he now remembered that he had noticed a young man on the wharf—a young man in a high hat and a white overcoat—who seemed united to Miss Day by this natural tis. And there was some one else too, as he gradually recollected—an older man, also in a high ist, but in a black overcont-in black alto gether-who completed the group, and who wa flections would indicate that Count Vogelstein road bis volume of Tauchnitz rathe ruptedly. Moreover, they represented a con affort in an oblong hox, for ten days, with such people, and could it be doubted that he should see plenty of them?

It may as well be said without delay that he did see plenty of them. I have depicted with some precision the circumstances under which he made the acquaintance of Miss Day, because the event had a certain importance for this candid Teuton: but I must pass briefly it. He wondered what it was open to him, after and be determined he would push through his But in a very short time he perceived that Miss Day had nothing in common with the heroin of that work, save a certain local quality and the fact that the male sex was not terrible to her. Her local quality, indeed, he took rather on trust than apprehended for himself; sh was native to a small town in the interior of the American continent, and a lady from New York, who was on the ship, and with whom he had a good deal of conversation, assured him Miss Day was exceedingly How this lady ascertained the fact cial. did not appear, for Vogelstein observed that she held no communion with the girl. It is by romarking to him that certain Americans could tell immediately who other Americans wore, leaving him to judge whether or no she erself belonged to the discriminating class. She was a Mrs. Dangerfield, a handsome, confidential, instructing woman, and Vogelstein's talk with her took a turn that was almost philosophic. She convinced him, rather effectually, that even in a great democracy there are human differences, and that American life was full of social distinctions, of delicate shades which foreigners are often too stupid to perceive. Did he suppose that every one knew every one else, in the biggest country in the world, and that one was not as free to choose one's company there as in the most monarchical communities? She laughed these ideas to scorn, as Vogelstein tucked her beautiful furred coverlet (they reclined together a great deal in their elongated chairs) well over her feet. How free an American lady was to choose her company she abundantly proved by not knowing any one on the steamer but Count Otto. He could see for himself that Mr. and Mrs. Day had not her peculiar stamp. They were fat, plain, serious people, who sat side by side on the deck for hours, looking straight before cheeks, and small eyes, her forehend was surrounded with a multitude of little tight black curls, and her lips moved as if she had always a lozenge in her mouth. She wore entwined about her head an article which Mrs. Dangerfield spoke of as a "nuby a knitted pink scarf which covered her coiffure and encircled her neck, having among its convolutions a hole for her perfectly expressionless face. Her hands were folded on her stomach, and in her still, swathed figure her little beadlike eyes, which occasionally changed their direction, alone represented life. Her husband had a stiff gray beard on his chin, and a bare, spacious upper lip, to which con-stant shaving bad imparted a kind of hard giazo. His eyebrows were thick and his nos-trils wide, and when he was uncovered, in the dones and perpendicular. He might have been for the mild familiar accommodating gaze with which his large, light-colored pupils the leisurely eyes of a silent man-appeared to consider surrounding objects. He was evidently more friendly than flerce, but he was more diffident than friendly. He liked to look derstand you much nor to classify you, and would have been sorry that it should put you under an obligation. He and his wife spoke sometimes, but they seldom talked, and there was something passive and patient about them as if they were victims of a spell. The spell however, was evidently pleasant-it was the fascination of prosperity, the confidence of security, which sometimes makes people arrogant but which had had such a different effect upon this simple, satisfied pair in which further levelopment of every kind appeared to have been arrested. Mrs. Dangerfield told Count Vogelstein that every morning, after breakfast, the hour at which he wrote his journal, in his cabin, the old couple were guided up stairs and installed in their customary corner by Pandors. This she had learned to be the name of their elder daughter, and she was immensely amused by her discovery. "Pandors"—that was in the highest degree typical; it placed them in the social scale, if other evidence had been wanting: you could tell that a girl was from the in terior-the mysterious interior about which Vogelstein's imagination was now quite excited-when she had such a name as that. This little the small beflounced sister, who, with silky hair, a crimson fez such as is worn by a way of galloping and straddling about the ship in any company she could pick up (she had long, thin legs, very short skirts, and stockings of every tint), was going home, in elaborate French clothes, to resume an interrupted edusation. Pandora overlooked and directed her relatives: Vogelstein could see that for himself could see that she was very active and decided-that she had in a high degree the sentiment of responsibility, and settled most of the questions that could come up for a family from the interior. The voyage was remarkably fine. and day after day it was possible to sit there under the sait sky and feel one's self rounding the great curves of the globe. The long deck made a white spot in the sharp black circle of the ocean and in the intense sea light, while the shadow of the smoke streamers trembled on the familiar floor, the shoes of fellow passengers, distinctive now. and in some cases irritating, passed and repassed, accompanied, in the air, so tremen-"open." that rendered all voices weak and most remarks rather flat, by fragments of opinion on the run of the ship. Vogelstein by this time had finished his little American story, and now definitely judged that Pandora

Day was not at all like the heroine. She was

gentlemen. Her speaking to him that first af-

day by the romark, thrown at him as she

passed, with a smile that was almost familiar

again, and had scarcely looked at him. She

read a great deal and almost always French

books in fresh yellow paper; not the lighter

forms of that literature, but a volume of Sainte

Beuve, of Renan, or at the most, in the way of dissipation, of Alfred De Musset. She took

frequent exercise, and almost always walked alone, not, apparently, having made many

which the planted them for the day. Her brother was always in the amoking room, where Vogentein observed him, in very tight clothes, his neck endreied with a collar like a salisade. He had a sharp little face, which was not disagreeable; he smoked enormous sigars, and began his drinking early in the day; eigars, and began his drinking early in the day; but his appearance gave no sign of these ex-cesses. As regards suchre and poker, and the other distractions of the place, he was guilty of zone. He evidently understood such games in perfection, for he used to watch the players, and even at moments impartially advise them He was referred to as regards disputed points, and his opinion carried the day. He took little part in the conversation, usually much relaxed that prevailed in the smoking room, but from time to time he made in his soft, flat, youthful voice, a remark which every one pau listen to, and which was greated with roars of laughter. Vogelstein, well as he knew English. could rarely catch the joke; but he could see. at least, that these were the most transcenden flights of American humor. The young man in his way, was very remarkable, for, as Vogelstein heard some one say once, after the laugh-ter had subsided, he was only 19. If his sister did not resemble the dreadful little girl in the tale I have so often mentioned, there was, for Vogelstein, at least an analogy between young Mr. Day and a certain small brother—a candy-loving Madison, Hamilton, or Jefferson—who, in the Tauchnitz volume, was attributed to that unfortunate maid. This was what the little Madison would have grown up o at nineteen, and the improvement

greater than might have been expected.

The days were long, but the voyage was short

and it had almost come to an end before Count Vozelstein yielded to an attraction peculiar in ts nature, and finally irresistible, and in spite of Mrs. Dangerfield's warnings, sought an op-portunity for a little continuous talk with Miss Pandors Day. To mention this sentiment without mentioning sundry other impressions of his voyage, with which it had nothing to do is perhaps to violate proportion and give a false idea; but to pass it by would be still more unjust. The Germans, as we know, are a transcendental people, and there was at last a vague fascination for Vogelstein in this quick, vocal in an instant, who imparted a sort of profile was delicate as she bent it over a volume which she cut as she read, or present in absent-minded attitudes, at the side of the ship, to the horizon they had left behind. But he felt it to be a pity, as regards a pos-sible acquaintance with her, that her parents should be heavy little burghers, that her brother should not correspond to Vogelatein's conception of a young man of the upper class, and that her sister should be a Daisy Miller en herbe. Repeatedly warned by Mrs. Dangerfield, the young diplomatist was form at the beginning of his sojourn in the him, and he had made the observation himself, in other capitals, that the first year, and even the second, is the time for prudence. One is ignorant of proportions and values; one is exposed and thankful for attention, and one may give one's self away to people who afterward prove a great encumbrance. Mrs. Dangerfield struck a note which resounded in Vogelstein's magination; she assured him that if he didn't look out" he would be falling in love with In America, when one fell in love with a girl, there was nothing to be done but to marry her. and what should he say, for instance, to finding himself a near relation of Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Day? (These were the initials inscribed on the back of the two chairs of that couple). Vogelstein felt the peril, for he could immediately think of a dozen men he knew who had married American girls. There appeared now to be constant danger of marrying the American girl; it was something one had to reckon with; like the railway, the telegraph, the discovery of istic spirit; it was one of the complications of modern life. It would doubtless much to say that Vogelstein was afraid of fall-ing in love with Pandora Day: a young woman who was not strikingly beautiful, and with whom he had talked, in all, but ten minutes. But, as I say, he went so far as to wish that the human belongings of a girl whose independence appeared to have no taint either of fast-ness, as they said in England, or of subversive should not be a little more distinguished titude toward these belongings; she appeared to regard them as a care, but not as an interest; nonor and she had engaged to convey them safe to a certain point; she was detached and inadvertent; then, suddenly, she remembered, repented, and came back to tuck her parents into their blankets, to alter the position of her mother's umbrella, to tell them something about the run of the ship. These little offices were usually performed deftly, rapidly, with the minimum of words, and when their daugher came near them, Mr. and Mrs. Day closed their eyes placidly, like a pair of household dogs that expect to be scratched. One morning she brought up the Captain to present to them the appeared to have a private and independent sequaintance with this officer, and the introduction to her parents had the air of a sudden inspiration. It was not so much an introduc-tion as an exhibition, as if she were saying to him: "This is what they look like; see how comfortable I make them. Aren't they rather queer little people? But they leave me perfectly free. Oh, I can assure you of that. Besides, you must see it for yourself." Mr. and Mrs. Day looked up at the Captain with very little change of countenance; then looked at bent toward them a moment; but Pandora shook her head; she seemed to be answering for them; she made little gestures as if she were explaining to the Captain some of their peculiarities, as, for instance, that they wouldn't speak. They closed their eyes at last; she appeared to have a kind of mesmeric influ ence on them, and Miss Day walked away with with evident consideration, bowing very low in spite of his supreme position, when, presently after, they separated. Vogelstein could see that she was capable of making an impression; and the moral of our episode is that in spite of Mrs. Dangerfield, in spite of the resolutions of his prudence, in spite of the meagre-ness of the conversation that had passed between them, in spite of Mr. and Mrs. Day and the young man in the smoking room, she had fixed his attention. It was the evening after the scene with the Captain that he joined her, awkwardly, abruptly, irresistibly, on the deck. where she was pacing to and fro alone, the evening being mild and brilliant and the stars remarkably fine. There were scattered talkers and smokers and couples, unrecognizable, that moved quickly through the gloom. The vesse dipped with long, regular pulsations ; vague and spectral, under the stars, with its awaying pin-nacles spotted here and there with lights, it seemed to rush through the darkness faster than by day. Vogetstein had come up to walk, and as the girl brushed past him he distin-guished Pandora's face (with Mrs. Dangerfield of quite another type; much more serious and precequied and not at all keen, as he had he always spoke of her as Pandora) under the supposed, about making the acquaintance of vell that seemed intended to protect it from the sea damp. He stopped, turned, hurried after her, threw away his cigar, and asked her if she ternoon had been, he was bound to believe, an would do him the honor to accept his arm. She incident without importance for herself; in spite of her having followed it up the next ined his arm, but accepted his company. and he walked with her for an hour. They had great deal of talk, and he remembered afterward "It's all right, sir. I have found that old chair." After this she had not spoken to him some of the things she said. There was now a pertainty of the ship getting into dock the next morning but one, and this pretext afforded an obvious topic. Some of Miss Day's expressions

> "I am not in a hurry to arrive: I am very happy here," she said. "I'm afraid I shall have such a time putting my people through. Putting them through ?" "Through the Custom House. We have to be released, fully expecting that for a person made so many purchases. Well, I have written of his importance the ceremony would be brief

struck him as singular, but of course, as he

knew, his knowledge of English was not nice

enough to give him a perfect measure.

to a friend to come down, and perhaps he can help us. He's very well acquainted with the head. Once I'm chaffied, I don't care. I feel like a kind of blackboard by this time any way. We found them awful in Germany."

Vogelatein wondered whether the friend she

had written to were her lover, and if she were engaged to him, especially when she alluded to him again as "that gentleman that is com-ing down." He asked her about her travels, her impressions, whether she had been long in Europe, and what she liked best, and she told him that they had gone abroad, she and her family, for a little fresh experience. Though be found her very intelligent, he suspected she gave this as a regson because he was a German and she had heard that Germans were fond of culture. He wondered what form of culture Mr. and Mrs. Day had brought back from Italy, Greece, and Palestine (they had travelled for two years and been everywhere), especially when their daughter said: "I wanted father and mother to see the best things. I kept them three hours on the Acropolis-I guess they won't forget that!" Perhaps it was of Phidias and Pericies they were thinking, Vogelstein refleeted, as they sat ruminating in their rugs. Pandora remarked also that she wanted to show her little sister everything while she was young : remarkable sights made so much more mpression when the mind was fresh; she had read something of that sort in Goethe, somewhere. She had wanted to come herself, when she was her sister's age; but her father was in business then, and they couldn't leave Uties. Vogelstein thought of the little sister frisking over the Parthenon and the Mount of Olives, and sharing for two years, the years of the school room, this extraordinary pigrimage of her parents, and wondered whether Goethe's asked Pandors if Uties were the seat of her family, if it were a pleasant place, if it would be an interesting city for him, as a stranger, to see. His companion replied frankly that it was horrid, but added that all the same she would ask him to "come and visit us at our home," if it were not that they should probably

soon leave it. "Ah! You are going to live elsewhere?"
"Well, I am working for New York, I flatter myself I have loosened them—while we have been away. They won't find Utica the same; that was my idea. I want a big pince, and, of course, Utica—" and the girl broke off with a

little sigh. "I suppose Utica is small?" Vogelstein sug-

Well, no, it's middle-sized. I hate anything midding," said Pandora Day. She gave a light dry laugh, tossing back her head a little as she made this declaration. And looking at her askance in the dusk, as she trod the deck that vaguely swayed, he thought there was such a spirit.

hat is her social position?" he inquired of Mrs. Dangerfield the next day. "I can't make it out at all, it is so contradictory. She strikes me as having much cultivation and much spirit. Her appearance, too, is very nice. Yet ber parents are little burghers. That is easily

"Oh, social position," Mrs. Dangerfield exclaimed, nodding two or three times rather portentously. "What big expressions you use Do you think everybody in the world has a ial position? That is reserved for an infinitely small minority of mankind. You can't you can have an opera box. Pandora hasn't got any; where should she have found it Poor girl, it isn't fair of you to ask such ques tions as that,"
"Well," said Vogelstein, "if she is of the

lower class, that seems to be very-veryand he paused a moment, as he often paused in speaking English, looking for his word. Very what? Count Vogelstein."

'Very significant-very representative." "Oh, dear, she isn't of the lower class," Mrs. Dangerfield murmured helplessly.

"Well, I'm bound to admit that since I was

at home last she is a novelty. A girl like that, with such people; it's a new type."

"I like noveities," said Count Vogelstein, smilling with an air of considerable resolution. He could not, however, be satisfied with an explanation that only begged the question; and when they disembarked in New York, he felt, even amid the confusion of the wharf and the heaps of disembowelled baggage, a certain acuteness of regret at the idea that Pandora and her family were about to vanish into the unknown. He had a consolation however: it was apparent that for some reason or other lilness or absence from town—the gentleman to whom she had written had not, as she said, have told you why-that this sympathetic person had failed her; even though without him Pandora had to engage single handed with the United States Custom House. Vogelstein's first impression of the western world was received on the landing place of the German steamers at Jersey City-a huge wooden shed, covering a wooden wharf which resounded under the feet, palisaded with rough-hown, slanting piles, and bestrown with masses of heterogeneous luggage At one end, toward the town, was a row of tall, painted palings, behind which he could distinguish a press of hackney coachmen, brandishing their whips and awaiting their victims, while their voices rose, incessant with sharp, strange sound, at once flerce and familiar. The whole place, behind the fence, ap-America, Vogelstein said to himself, and he looked toward it with a sense that he ought to muster resolution. On the wharf people were rushing about amid their trunks, pulling their things togeth-or, trying to unite their scattered parcels. They were heated and angry, or else quite be wildered and discouraged. The few that had

succeeded in collecting their battered boxes had an air of flushed indifference to the efforts of their neighbors, not even looking at people with whom they had been intimate on the the customs was in attendance, and energetic passengers were engaged in attempts to drag them toward their luggage or to drag heavy pieces toward them. These functionaries were good natured and tacfturn, except when occasionally they remarked to a passenger whose open trunk stared up at them, in ploring, that they were afraid the voyage had been "kind of dull." They had a friendly. elsurely, speculative way of performing their office, and if they perceived a victim's name written on the portmanteau, they addressed him by it, in a tone of old acquaintance. Vogelstein found, however, that if they were familiar they were not indiscreet. He had heard that in America all public functionaries were the same that there was not a different tenue, as they said in France, for different positions, and he dent and Ministers, whom he expected to see speculations by the sight of Mr. and Mrs. Day, who were seated side by side upon a trunk, encompassed, apparently, by the accu mulations of their tour. Their faces expressed more consciousness of surrounding objects than he had hitherto perceived, and there was an air of placid expansion in the mysterious couple which suggested that this consciousness was agreeable. Mr. and Mrs. Day, as they would have said, were glad to get back. At a little distance, on the edge of the dock Vogelstein remarked their son, who had found a place where, between the sides of two big ships, he could see the ferryboats pass; the large, pyramidal, low-laden ferryboats of American waters. He stood there, patient and considering, with his small, neat foot on a coll of rope, his back to everything that had been disnbarked, his neck elongated in its polished

cylinder, while the fragrance of his big cigar mingled with the odor of the rotting piles, and

his little sister, beside him, hugged a huge

over the water without falling in. Vogelatein's

servant had gone in pursuit of an examiner:

he had got his things together and was waiting

post and tried to see how far she could cran-

Before it began, he said a word to young Er. Day, taking off his hat at the sente time to the little girl, whom he had not yet greated, and who dedged his calute by swinging herself boldly outward to the dangerous side of the boldly outward to the dangerous side of the pier. She was not much "formed" yet, but she was evidently as light as a feather.

"I see you are kept waiting, like me. It is very tiresome." Mr. Vogelatsin said. The young man answered without looking beind him. "As soon as we begin we shall go straight. My sister has written to a gentleman to come down."

"I have looked for Miss Day to bid her goodby." Vogelstein went on; " but I don't see her."

I guess she has gone to meet that gentleman: he's a great friend of hers." out, "She was always writing to him—in Europe."

Her brother puffed his cigar in silence for a moment, "That was only for this. I'll tell on you," he presently added.

But the younger Miss Day gave no heed to his announcement; she addressed herself to Vogelstein. "This is New York: I like it bet-

ter than Ution."

elatein had no time to reply, for his servant had arrived with one of the emissaries of the customs; but as he turned away he won-dered, in the light of the child's preference. about the towns of the interior. He was very well treated. The officer who took him in hand. and who had a large straw hat and a diamond breastpin, was quite a man of the world, and in reply to the formal declarations of the Count only said, "Well, I guess it's all right-I guess I'll just pass you." And he distributed freely a dozen chalk marks. The servant had unlocked and unbuckled various pieces, and while he was closing them the officer stood there wipstein. "First visit to our country, sir?-quite slone-no ladies? Of course the ladies are what we are after." It was in this manner be what we are arter. It was in this inates in expressed himself, while the young diplomatist wondered what he was waiting for, and whether he ought to slip something into his paim. But logelatein's visitor left him only a moment in suspense; he presently turned away, with the emark, very quietly uttered, that he hoped the Count would make quite a stay: upon which the young man saw how wrong he should have been to offer him a tip. It was simply the American manner, and it was very amicable, after all. Vogelstein's servant had secured a porter, with a truck, and he was about to leave the place when he saw Pandora Day dart out of the crowd and address herself, with much ess, to the functionary who had just liberated him. She had an open letter in her his eyes over it, deliberately, stroking his beard. Then she led him away, to where her parents sat upon their luggage. Vogelstein sent off his servant with the porter, and followed Pandora, to whom he really wished to say a word in farewell. The last thing they had said to each other on the ship was that they should meet again on shore. It seemed improbable, however, that the meeting would occur anywhere dorn was decidedly not in society, where Vogelstein would be, of course, and as, if Utica was not-he had her sharp little sister's word for it as agreeable as what was about him there, he would be hanged if he would go to Utica. He overtook Pandora quickly; she was in the act introducing the customs officer to her parents-quite in the same manner in which Mr. and Mrs. Day got up and shook hands with him, and they evidently all prepared to have a little talk. "I should like to introduce you to my brother and sister," he heard the girl say. and he saw her look about her for these appendages. He caught her eye as she did so. nd advanced with his hand outstratched, reflecting the while, that evidently the Americans, whom he had always heard described as

like so many Neapolitans.
"Good-by. Count Vogelstein," said Pandors,
who was a little flushed with her various exertions but did not look the worse for it. "I hope you'll have a splendid time, and appreciate our ountry."

"I hope you'll get through all right," Vogelstein answered, smiling and feeling himself already more idiomatic.

"That gentleman is sick that I wrote to," she rejoined: "isn't it too bad? But he sent ne down a letter to a friend of his-one of the examiners, and I guess we won't have any trouble. Mr. Lansing, let me make you usinted with Count Vogelstein," she went wearer of the straw hat and the breastpin, who shook hands with the young German as if he had never seen him before. Vogelstein's heart rose for an instant to his throat. He thanked his stars that he had not offered a tip to the friend of a gentleman who had often been mentioned to him, and who had been described by member of Pandora's family as her lover.

"It's a case of ladies this time." Mr. Lansing remarked to Vogelstein, with a smile which seemed to confess, surreptitiously, and as if meither party could be eagar, to recognition. Well, Mr. Bellamy says you'll do anything for him." Pandora said, smiling very sweetly at Mr. Lansing. "We haven't got much; we've

een gone two years." Mr. Lansing scratched his head a little behind, with a movement which sent his straw hat forward in the direction of his nose. don't know as I would do anything for him that I shouldn't do for you," he responded, returning the smile of the girl, "I guess you'd

fectionate kick to one of the trunks. "Oh, mother, isn't he lovely! it's only your sea things." Pandora cried, stooping over the offer instantly, with the key in her hand. "I don't know that I like showing them." Mrs. Day murmured, modestly.

etter open that one," and he gave a little af-

Vogelstein made his German salutation to the company in general, and to Pandora he ofered an audible good-by, which she returned in a bright, friendly voice, but without looking We'll try another, if you like," said Mr.

Lansing laughing,
"Oh, no, it's got to be this one! Good-by, Count Vogelstein. I hope you'll judge us cor-

The young man went his way and passed the earrier of the dock. Here he was met by his servant with a face of consternation which led im to ask whether a cab were not forthcoming. 'They call 'em 'acks 'ere, sir," said the man and they're beyond everything. He wants thirty shillings to take you to the inn." Vogelstein hesitated a moment. "Couldn't

you find a German ?" By the way he talks, he is a Gorman!" said the man, and in a moment Count Vogelstein bogan his career in America by discussing the ariff of hackney coaches in the language of the Patherland.

[To be concluded next Sunday.]

In the Neighborhood of 100 Years. Asa Avers, a veteran of the war of 1812, died on Sun-day in Michigan City. He built the first brick house in Cleveland. Cleveland.

William H. Foster of Salem, Mass, is the oldest bank cashier in the United States. He has been fifty-eight years in the service.

Mrs. Gordon of Bluffton, S. C., is 110 years of age, and still continues her habit of walking four miles to church at least once a month.

A great lover of tobacco was Mrs. Sarah Smith of Mat-toon, Ill., who has just died at the age of 106. She con-tinued its use to the very last. Mrs. Polly Shoulders of Jasper, Ind., is 87 years of age, yet the recently walked a distance of fourteen miles one day, and home again the next day.

day, and home again the next day.

Henry Wheeler of Hickory Flat Ga., has never seen a city and in 94 years old. He has 122 grandchildren and great granuchildren. He never used rum or tobacco. Two sisters and a brother named Plonk, living near Lincoln, K. C., cling to life remarkably. The brother is still called "the haby," although 09 years old. One of the sisters, Mrs. Sails Weaver, is 99 years old, and the other, Mrs. Jane Toutheron, is 48.

A curious wedding has just taken place in Ekate-vinoslav, Russia. Both bride and bridegroom have groat-granderhibren by former marriages. The groom's father, 163 years old, and the bride's mother, who is in her 96th; year, were both present at the wedding. The bride is 67 years old, and the groom 65. James Smith of Kosciusko, Miss. has been married forty seven years, and death has never yes visited his household. He and his wife have had twelve children, all of whom live and are married. They have eighty grandchildren. The entire family live within a radius of twenty eight mines in thirteen residences. MIPSONATIONS IN PALBOTINE.

oy of an Ancient Portross Built An-HAIPA, April 30.—In my last letter I de-scribed the little known hot sulphur springs of Amatha, with their extensive rules, which inlicate the celebrity they must have acquired in the days of the Romans. As the river Yarmuk above this point had, so far as I know, never been explored, I determined to push up the gorges through which it cleaves its way from the highlands of the Hauran to the valler

of the Jordan.

Some years ago I had crossed it about thirty miles higher up, where it flows across a plateau at an elevation of eighteen hundred feet above the sea. I was now standing on its margin, five hundred and fifty feet below the plateau. In the course of this thirty miles, therefore, it has a fall of 2,850 feet. In other words, it was a fair presumption that there was a waterfall some where between these two points which had never been visited. The inquiries which I made from the natives on the point were unsatisfactory. They seemed unable to dis-criminate between a rapid and a waterfall, and although they told me of many places where the water rushed with great violence, they seemed to know of none where it was precipitous. Upon one point they were, unfortunately, all agreed, which was that there was no path up the river side, and that it would be found impossible at this time of year, when the stream was flooded, to force a way up. However, we determined to try. We thought we should be more free in our movenents if we were unhampered by a guide and directed only by our topographical instincts. of home on which to retreat in case of need, and struck scross the small plain upon which the springs are situated to a ford, which four days previously had been impracticable, but which we were assured we might now risk with safety. The stream was here a hundred yards broad, full of large rooks, and with a swift, turbid current, that was by no means reassuring. The water came high up on our saddle flaps, but we reached the other bank without mishap, and found ourselves skirting a dense thicket of tropical underwood, above which a grove of at least 300 date trees reared their tuited crests. It was a spot un-like any other to be found in Palestine, for although the heat in the valley of the Jordan. owing to its depression below the sea, is as great as this, and at its southern extremity series as this, and at dis southers extremity greater, nowhere throughout the length is to be found a spot where the vegestion is so dense and iuxuriat. Here were wild orange, is also dense and iuxuriat. Here were wild orange, is also dense and iuxuriat. Here were wild orange, is also dense and iuxuriat. Here were wild orange, is also dense and iuxuriat. Here were wild orange, is also dense and iuxuriat. Here were wild orange, is also dense and harves and the property of the slopes beam, and the country, and theke is of one twenty beat orange or the slopes beat in the forming a splendid cover for the vide boar with a time and he ran a small mill, picturesquely situated under some date trees, which from the mountaint of the partiy excavated in the ground, which were now deserted. There was only one inhabitant and he ran a small mill, picturesquely situated under some date trees, which from the mountaint of the partiy excavated in the ground, which were now deserted. There was only one inhabitant and he ran a small mill, picturesquely situated under some date trees, which flows beneath a cliff of link beart of the partiy excavated in the ground, which were now deserted. There was only one inhabitant and he ran a small mill, picturesquely situated under some date trees, which from the rought is the inner one of the company of the street of the curious spot, and there is would have been a work of time, and then it would have been a work of time, and then it would have been a work of time, and then it would have been a work of time, and then it would have been a work of time, and then it would have been a work of time, and there are such and the property of the street of the curious spot, and it would have been a work of time, and there are such and the property of the street of the curious spot, and it would have been a work of time, and there are such and the property of the street of the curious spot, and the property of the street of the curious spot, and the property of the street of the curious spot, and the p greater, nowhere throughout its length is to so found a spot where the vegetation is so silent and practical, were not unversed in certain social arts. They dawdled and chattered

ing from the river and tolling up a steep grassy slope, only to slip and scramble down it again on the other side so as to regain the margin of the stream.

Our pregress was necessarily slow, not only owing to the natural obstacles we encountered, but to the fact that we were mapping the country as we advanced; but the scenery by which we were surrounded was too remantic to be hurried over, and too interesting from its novelty not to be carefully noted. At last we reached a point where there had been a land slide, leaving bare one precipice a thousand hurried over, and too interesting from its novelty not to be exercilly noted. At last we reached a point where there had been a land slide, leaving bare one precipics athousand feet high, while it formed another above the stream, which it had displaced. Nothing remained for it but to attempt another ford, and try our luck on the opposite bank. This, to the amazement of some Bedouins, who watched us from it, and waved us back, we succeeded in accomplishing, not without a narrow escape on the part of one of our party who got entangled among the rocks and eddies. We were cordially welcomed by an Arabsheik, as we scrambled like half-drowned rate up the bank. He invited us to his tents, which were pitched a few hundred yards back from the stream on a small plain. Here mats were spread for us, coffee roasted, pounded, and prepared, and, the young men gathering around, we proceeded, under the influence of an abundant distribution of eigarettes on my part, to exchange ideas. They told us they belonged to a village two and a half hours distant, and were therefore not nomads. They came hither at this season of the year to pasture their herds and look after their crops. I hardly like to report the conversation of these poor people as they came to confide their grievances to us, without our in any way inviting their confidence. Suffice it to say that the recent measure of the Government by which it has been decided to substitute for the dime, which has heretofore been the share of the Government in the entire produce of every village, for an assessment based on the highest five years' average, has produced the greatest discontent among the rural population, whose poverty and distress, aircady extreme, owing to the extortion of the teax gatherers even under the old system, and the withdrawal of the bone and sinew of the country by conscription, especially during the recent Russo-Turkish war, will thus be intensified. In fact, these noor people were driven to such desperation that they were most unreserved in their language,

of tax collecting than in adding to the burdens of the people, which are already greator than they can bear.

Our hosts assured us that we should find any further attempt to ascend the river impracticable, and that there was a place where the water fell for a considerable height, but we could only reach it by making a circuit, which would take a day. However, we determined to indee of the impracticability of the valley for ourselves, and succeeded in getting about a mile further, when we found the river shut in by precipies on both sides. It was impossible to descend to it from the brow of the cliff or which we stood, much less to ford it afterward, or to scramble up the precipies on the other side. There was nothing for it but to make an ascent of at least 1.500 feet either to the high plateau of Jaulan on the right, or to the high plateau of Jaulan on the right, or to the high plateau of Jaulan on the right, or to the high plateau of Jaulan on the right, or to the high plateau of Jaulan on the right, or to the high plateau of Jaulan on the right, or to the high plateau of Jaulan on the right, or to the high plateau of Jaulan on the right, or to the high plateau of Jaulan on the right, or to the high plateau of allows the dained in the desired direction. This latter course we determined to adopt; so we returned to the Arab tents, crossed the river more successfully than before, warned by our previous experience, and braced ourselves for a 1.200-feet climb up the best track we could find under the guidance of one of our recent Arab acquaint-ances. I had been on the lookout all through the day for ruins, and I was guidance of one of our recent Arab acquaintances. I had been on the lookout all through the day for ruins, and I was now cheered by the intelligence that I should find some on the summit of the hill we were climbing. Such proved to be the case. The situation, at an elevation by my aneroid of about 1.100 feet above the sea, would indicate that in old time it was a fortress. It was supplied with water by clasers, the remains of which still exist, some of them demijohn-shaped, and one about 10 feet square and 20 feet to the bottom, which, however, was much filled up. There was many piles of huge blocks of draughted stone, but I did not observe any columnsor carving, and I think the remains date from a period anterior to the Roman occupation. The modern name of the place is Tel ei Hoss. but its existence has heretofore been unknown, and its discovery was some compensation to the for the effort I had made to reach it.

TOBACCO AS A MEDICINE

Sea. Clingmaa Telle More Marrellone Storie

Gen. Clingman of North Carolina in his long article on "The Tobacco Remedy," in the May number of the "Health and Home," an-nounces his belief that the use of wet lobacco as a poultice will be instrumental in saving many thousands of lives annually in the United States. He gives a long list of the marrellone cures he has witnessed, beginning with one about a haif a contury ago, when he saw a man treating inflammation in a horse's eye with tobacco juice. He tells of a signal cure of a sprain of his right ankle in 1874 by the applica-tion of wet tobacco leaves. In August, 1886, the General was shot through the leg below the knee, cutting the muscles and nerves, and knee, cutting the muscles and nerves. and making a long and painful wound. He says:
About that time several of my friends had died of the secondary fever which followed their wounds. In a few days my left leg began to swell and throb with heat. I teld them that I would keep down the inflammation by an application of tobacco. They at once asserted that such an application would be rainous. After they left I sent my servant for some tobacco, enveloped the wounded leg in it, and kept it wat with the cloths over it. The pain in an hour or two dimin-

from the infammation. I am satisfied that if tobsecowere properly applied, no external wound would ever become sufficiently inflamed to cause mertification.

The General next records an instance of a cure of his right eye which had received a severe blow aimed by a driver at the head of a horse. The account of this has already been published in The Sun. He gives an account of the successful application of wet tobacco leaves as a cure for the flery red and much-swollen eyes of a lawyer in Asheville, N. C. This lawyor recommended the remedy to two young ladies in North Carolina at a place where red sore eyes were epidemic. The young ladies slept with wet tobacco leaves on their eyes and were cured by morning. In several other cases he found the remedy useful for curing sore eyes.

As a remedy for sore throat the General says the application of wet tobacco leaves has been found by him to be unfalling. He instances his own experience at Aquia Creek, the case of a lady who took his advice, and cites the testimony of his brother, a physician in North Carolina, who often applied wet tobacco leaves in cases of sore throat.

Gen. Clingman also testifies to the value of tobacco leaves as a cure for ervalpelas of the head, and gives details of several instances is which he found it effective. In one instance, he says, he subdued a severe erysipolas in the face, and a physician told him afterward: No doctor could have cured you in three weeks. On one occasion he says he cured himself of a terribly painful attack of sciatica, greatly aggravated by the treatment of two physicians. He did this by applying wet tobacco leaves to his hip. He also cured bunions of long standing by applying tobacco leaves a single night. He cured a United States Senator of intoerable pain in the side and back with wet tobacco leaves on the deleteriousness of various drugs used in the manufacture, such as Tonqua bean, wintergreen, and poisonous stohances. He cautions those who use tobacco as a remedy to apply only the pure leaf tobacco.

had been removed, and decorated with many wreaths of flowers.

In the crowd of thousands there were Crispi, Nicoters, Menotto, Garibaidi, Crispi spoke and mades parsilelisms between the French crushing the Roman Republic in 1849 and being crushed by the Prussians in 1870. He called the Pope an antichrist. Then he said that pardon must be given to him, too, even if he had been a bombardatore, provided he goes to Jerussiem and settles there, leaving Rome free. This celebration was followed by another for the same purpose made by the Radicals, who did not like to join the Monarchists on the 30th of April, and selected the 4th of May, one Sunday, in order to have the crowds of workingmen with them. The speeches of the Radicals were stronger yet. The most vile insults were offered to the Vatican. The police did not sir, but when the name of Oberdan and of the Austrian Colonel was mentioned then the meeting was dispersed.

PASHION NOTES.

The Henri Deux bids fair to be the popular travelling The crare for Japanese and Chinese goods is on the Even girls of sweet sixteen wear little Panchons and

Gray glace mehair is in favor with Parisians for trav-Bangs to be fashionable must be short and only slightly waved or curied. Kid waistcoats are the rather doubtful taste of Parisian women at present. Turkish and Persian colors and designs are preferred to Japanese and Chinese this year.

White clover blooms take the place of the red so popular for spring hat and bonnet trimmings. Striped terry in gay colors is the passing fancy for dressing sacques and morning wrappers. Red bathing suits and red cotton and canvas dresses are in course of preparation for the seasole. Beautiful long white estrich plumes were sold for \$8 at Le Boutillier's in Fourteeath street yesterday. Quantities of imitation and paste are worn even by hose who can easily afford real lace and diamonds.

Brocaded crope de chine in all colors and white and black priced 75 cents the yard, are found on Stern Broth-Brocaded satin pekiné silks are sold at Conkling & Chivris's for \$1.25 the yard, and suits of hair-lined sum-mer silks for \$12.50 a dress. Gray riding habits, gray felt Derbies, and gray jockey caps are worn by lady riders in the Fark, but not to the exclusion of the tall silk hat.

Bidley sells enormous quantities of roses and rose pe tals and other flowers without leaves for the garniture of country bats of muli or of rough straw. London have and bonnets of rough straw are frimmer with bands and rosettes of velvet, the eye of a peacock's feather being thrust in the centre of each rosette.

feather being thrust in the centre of each rosette.

White mull hats and bonnets triumed with mull lace and white clover blossoms put on in bunches are correct carriage wear for watering places and the seamide.

The contumes in "Weil-Fed Dora" are worth seeing, not tecause they are so very seamt, but for the art suggestions for the toilet that can be gathered from them.

Freity gray straw hats are triumed with bands and chous (cabages) of gray velvet made more decorative with tips of pintado feathers in the centre of each chos.

There is a greater tendency than ever to Oriental ideas in fabrics of all sorts this asseon. Dress goods, carpets, mattings, tapestries, curtains, all show Oriental designs and colors. and colors.

Ingrain russ in Oriental colors and designs with timet
effects are sold at Deuning's for the floors of summer
cottages, to be used either on the bare boards or on
floors covered with Canton mattings.

A new outdoor game similar to ring-toss, and called enchantment," is coming in vocus. It is played with wands and hoops, and red and white striped staces, on a square of lawn marked off and staked with dags. Mull pokes for country wear, white, blue rose color, gray, and red, are trimmed with bands and bunches of dowers without leaves, and matching the color of the mull, or with rose petals sewn on in thick bands, and conceiles covering the entire crown.

Gray tulls, gray craps, and gray silk muslin in pale pearly shades form many pretty Fanchon and caintie bounets, worn with gray taffets glade silk carriage and reception costumes. The bounet is then trimmed with violets, roses, or forgetine-only put on in hunches according to the color with which the silk is shot.

white bonnets of lace, tulle, mull, and grape are made on white set frames, the material being shirred on in various styles, cinetered, paffed, and in bias lines. The trimmings are white outrick tips, white marabouts re-solves, and scarfe of Oriental or Valenciesnes has and delicals flowers. Hites of the valley, white line, and amail white bridst roses out on in buggles, not sprays of